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TOILETTE.

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In THREE Books.

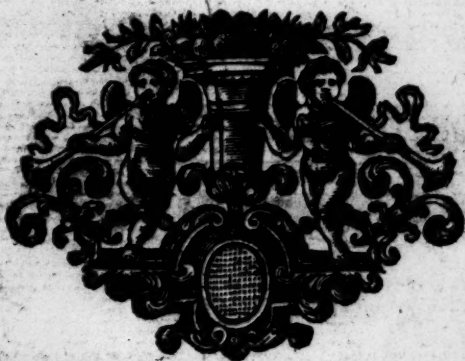
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By Mr. JOSEPH THURSTON.  
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*Quò enim spectant flexæ pectine comæ? quò facies medicamine adtrita? & oculorum quoque mobilis petulantia? quò incessus tutè compositus; & ne vestigia quidem pedum extra mensuram aberrantia; nisi quòd formam prostituas, ut vendas? Petron. Arbit.*

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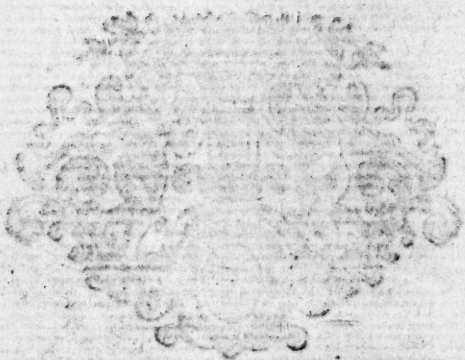


L O N D O N :

Printed for BENJ. MOTTE, at the Middle-Temple  
Gate, in Fleet-street, M.DCC.XXX.



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Printed for J. B. ... at the Middle Temple  
Court in the Strand, London.



# THE TOILETTE.

## BOOK I.



**WHAT** mystic Arts support a female reign,

What various engines form the Toilette's

train,

The use of Dress in either Sex to show,

And model into form the rural Beau,

I sing. Ye Fair! ye Young! protect my Lays,

Be yours the Profit, and be mine the Praise.

Thou *Vanity!* whose universal sway

Alike the Cynic, and the Fop, obey,

Who, widely potent, bear'st an equal rule  
 O'er Birth-night Balls, and *Aristotle's* School,  
 Forfake thy glitt'ring Shrine; and, for a while,  
 On labours destin'd to thy service smile;  
 So shall my Verse in gentlest hands be seen,  
 (Amusement fatal both to Time and Spleen!)  
 So on the Pillow shall these Lines be read,  
 While contemplating Nymphs are yet in bed.

In days of yore, as antient Portraits show,  
 (Where yet the Labours of the Pencil glow)  
 Our wayward Fair, with Garments grave and long,  
 With-held their Beauties from the gazing Throng,  
 Not yet the Neck reveal'd its snowy hue,  
 Nor yet the Bosom panted to the view:  
 Not ev'n the Ankle could the Lover spy,  
 (The Ankle, fatal to the youthful Eye!)



Of Empire fond, and Houſwives of the Joy,  
 They fear'd their Beauties, if beheld, would cloy ;  
 And kept the rich Reſerve conceal'd from fight,  
 A luſcious Banquet for the bridal Night.  
 So guardian Miſers bolt the truſty Door,  
 While they in ſecret hug the precious Store :  
 But at their Feaſts they ſhrink the glitt'ring hoard,  
 And ſplendid Plenty ſmiles upon the board.

Yet, had theſe home-ſpun Dames but early known  
 The force of Beauty, when with Judgment ſhown :  
 What furious Wiſhes ſwell the Lover's Breſt,  
 How much he ſighs and rages to be bleſt :  
 Compleat as ours had been that baſhful Train,  
 As gay, as loud, as elegant, as vain !

Our

Our modern Nymphs, more mischievously kind:  
 Their Pow'r, confirm'd by their Indulgence, find:  
 With Charms reveal'd they greet the Rover's Eye;  
 Heedless we gaze, and unresisting die.  
 When Beauty blazes in Meridian Light,  
 (No friendly Veil to screen the dazzled Sight;)  
 When the low Stays the wid'ning Bosom show,  
 (One fair Expanse of animated Snow! )  
 Ev'n Beaux must own (oh proof of Pow'r confess! )  
 It moves their gentle Wishes — for the Rest.

Yet, potent as ye are, forgive, ye Fair,  
 If still I make your Discipline my Care;  
 These Charms ill manag'd may obnoxious prove,  
 And cause Aversion where you threaten Love.

Sharp is the Dart, and fatal to the Poe,  
If aim'd with Skill it quit the forceful Bow;  
So sharp is Beauty to the Lover's Heart,  
But sharpest Beauty must be aim'd with Art.

If to perfection you the Head would dress,  
In all its Ornaments avoid Excess;  
Load not with Toys, what Nature has design'd  
The noblest Structure of the human kind.  
Why all around should flutt'ring Lappets play,  
Or Ribbands glare, unprofitably gay?  
Thin, light and easy should the Coving be,  
As not design'd for Show but Decency.

Blest be the Girl who, by uncommon hap,  
First found the Beauties of the round-ear'd Cap.

That dapper Coif adorns, with matchless Grace;  
 As well the youthful as autumnal Face:  
 This knows the fraudulent Harlot, and with care  
 In this will oft her shatter'd Form repair.  
 In riding Vest she stands demure and meek,  
 While seeming Innocence adorns her Cheek:  
 (Vers'd in Destruction! studious to betray!)  
 The hapless Prentice falls her easy Prey.

How does the *Quaker's* modest Garb invite?  
 Her well-quill'd Cambrick strikes the judging Sight:  
 Those sober Saints, full fraught with Grace and Zeal,  
 Can yet the Stings of Mother-Nature feel:  
 The tempting Grace of decent Dress they know,  
 And aim with judgment at the broad-brim'd Beau.

This

This yet remains. Ye married Fair attend,  
 Nor scorn the profer'd service of a Friend;  
 Would you the dreadful fear of Change remove,  
 And reign secure of Man's capricious Love,  
 Let Pinner's ever clean regale his sight,  
 Fresh be your Head-dress with the Morning Light.

Oft have I seen some young unthinking Fair  
 With Flow'rs and Diamonds load her flowing Hair.  
 Reject this needless Task, nor vainly hide  
 Your Lover's Glory and your Sex's Pride.  
 When the full Tresses, with bewitching Grace,  
 In swelling Ringlets wanton o'er the Face,  
 Or, by the Bodkin's forceful Art confin'd,  
 With shining Sable grace the Neck behind:

Say, why should Flow'rs their gaudy folds display,  
Or the vain Brilliant dart its feeble Ray?

The useful Powder-box be next my Song,  
Friend to the old, and Fav'rite of the young;  
With this the Matron, venerably grey,  
Can hide the silver tokens of Decay;  
With this secure can in the Front-box fit,  
And court the Glances of the ogling Pit.  
Tho' thin her antiquated Tressles lie,  
The plaist'ring Powder yet deceives the Eye.  
So when the driving Gales, and wintry Snow,  
In one white Veil have wrapt the World below,  
With equal Beauty, to the shiv'ring Swain,  
Appear the Genial Glebe and desert Plain;  
Tho' one wide waste of barren Sand is here,  
And there the Promise of the fruitful Year.

To add much grace the Fav'rite may be said,  
 When o'er the Forehead's smooth Expansion spread;  
 That gentle Lock, if 'tis reduc'd with care,  
 Gives double Lustre to a Skin that's fair:  
 As softly bending to the view it lies,  
 Like the gay Rainbow in the Summer Skies.

As rising Grass adorns some tender Mead,  
 When genial Springs the wintry Blasts succeed;  
 As the soft Rose bedecks the Florist's Ground,  
 And smiles, superior of the Sweets around;  
 Such are the Honours of the Virgin's Hair,  
 And such the Charms resistless Ringlets bear:  
 How sure they tempt us, and how much excel,  
 Let fair *Belinda's* Loss for ever tell.

Tho' Dress and Beauty much assist the Fair,  
 The grand *Arcanum* not inhabits there:  
 Nymphs may our Eyes with glitt'ring Toys invade,  
 The trembling Spangle, or the rich Brocade:  
 These only serve like pageant Rooms of State,  
 To tempt the Gazer to his farther Fate:  
 Alas! our Ruin does but here begin,  
 The finish'd Mischief is conceal'd within;  
 'Tis there, enamour'd with their fancy'd Store,  
 Kings cease to rule, and Patriots plod no more.

So some Magician, in romantic Strain,  
 Uprears his Castle on the verdant Plain;  
 The spacious Dome, with Gold and Diamonds gay,  
 Invites the weary wand'ring Knight to stay:

O'er Brilliant Pavements unconfin'd he roves,  
 Thro' Chrystal Arches and enchanted Groves;  
 While far within, unseen by human Eyes,  
 Deep in his Cell the bearded Wizard lies;  
 He waves his fable Wand, his Goblins wait,  
 The luckless Stranger finds the Fraud too late;  
 Caught in the Charm, for ages to remain,  
 And dream of Tilts and Tournaments in vain.

If in the well-taught Pacer you delight,  
 The Jockey's Cap is no unpleasing Sight;  
 Tho' fading Prudes with Spleen thy Dress behold,  
 And cry " It makes a Woman look so bold."  
 Vainly, alas, they rail, while we admire;  
 We know they censure what they can't acquire:  
 Of Youth and Beauty Prudes are still the Foe,  
 Because 'tis want of both which makes them so.

The

The Ladies once (that was a time indeed!)  
 With Hat and Wigg equip'd would climb the Steed:  
 Surpriz'd the Lover view'd his alter'd Fair,  
 Her warrior Features and embolden'd Air;  
 The stragling Curls, with masculine Embrace,  
 Deform'd the yielding softness of the Face.  
 So when from Hills the gushing Torrents flow,  
 They rudely stain the Silver Stream below.  
 So rattling Winds collect the Clouds on high,  
 And blast the Calmness of the Summer Sky.  
 Take heed, ye Nymphs, this needless Art refrain,  
 Be not at least — ridiculously vain:  
 Already too compleat is Beauty's Store,  
 And Bankrupt Nature can afford no more:  
 'Tis yours by Tenderness of Form to move;  
 Venus would ill become the Arms of Jove.

When sportling Lambs no more the Fleece sustain,  
But stalk with threat'ning Claws and brinded Mane;  
When Turtles change their gentle Form, and seek  
The Kite's unwieldy Pounce, and piercing Beak:  
Then, O ye Fair; but for th' Example stay,  
May you be full as elegant as they.

Would you in flow'r of Health, and Charms surpass,  
Consult your Saddle more, and less your Glas:  
Let the soft Beau, in close Machine confin'd,  
Peep cautious out, and tremble at the Wind:  
Be yours to press the Steed, with loosen'd Rein,  
O'er gently-rising Hills or level Plain:  
So with new Lustre shall your Beauties glow,  
Fresh Lillies spring, and op'ning Roses blow:  
Tho' long before each vernal Blush was fled,  
The Eyes o'ercast, and the Complexion dead;

Tho' various Doctors had employ'd their Skill,  
 And, impotent to cure, delay'd to kill;  
 This shall again the sprightly Red renew,  
 And Youth and Beauty reassume their due;  
 O'er thy pale Check the mantling Bloom shall move,  
 And each fair Feature flush with rising Love.

Another Good you yet by Riding share,  
 The Dress and Posture much improve your Air;  
 To great Advantage, in the modish Vest,  
 Are seen the taper Waste, and op'ning Breast:  
 And, as the Wind the Petticoat inspires,  
 The Foot appears alternate, and retires;  
 The greedy Lover gazes with Surprise,  
 Sighs at each Step, and as you pace he dies.

A small Digression must my Rules attend,  
 Where Precepts fail, Example may amend:  
 How in fair *Yorkshire's* wide-extended Plain,  
 A beauteous Nymph long lov'd a churlish Swain;  
 And how, tho' long she lov'd, she lov'd in vain.  
 Well form'd by Nature, well improv'd by Art,  
 She fail'd to move his undiscerning Heart:  
 Small was her WASTE, and berry-brown her Hair,  
 Her Bosom panting, prominent, and fair;  
 And wanton roll'd her Eyes, as Love himself were <sup>(there.</sup>  
 This buxom Lass was full of youthful Blood,  
 She lov'd the sylvan Haunt, and shady Wood;  
 She lov'd the Hare, the Hound's melodious Cry,  
 And ever, when the Chace was hot, was nigh.

It so befel upon a Sun-shine Day,  
 A goodly Train went out in search of Prey;  
 Her Father first with Rev'rence due we name,  
 The Poacher's Dread, and Guardian of the Game;  
 Next came the Vicar on his thread-bare Steed,  
 (A Beast more fam'd for Abstinence than Speed)  
 And then in order, to the cheerful Plain,  
 The love-sick Maid, and unrelenting Swain.  
 And now the Hounds began the tuneful Cry,  
 The Scent was burning, and the Game was nigh:  
 The furious Fair out strip'd the rushing Wind,  
 Far lagg'd the Parson, and the Squire behind.  
 The Youth alone, so Fate ordain'd, was near;  
 For Fate's unerring hand was surely here:  
 When unregarding, in her utmost speed,  
 Down fell the Damsel from the straining Steed;

One taper Leg the stubborn Footstool bound,  
 (Her beauteous Head depending to the Ground)  
 Swift to her aid the gen'rous Shepherd flew,  
 As swift he kindled at the tempting View.  
 Not *Homer's* hundred Tongues would well suffice  
 To speak the Wonders which engag'd his Eyes.  
 Reform'd, like *Cymon*, now the Nymph he spy'd,  
 And wild with Passion, claim'd her for his Bride.  
 The willing Sire consents, rejoic'd the Fair;  
 (The Couple ready, and the Churchman there)  
 Instant to join their Hands they all agree,  
 And tie the Knot beneath the Green-wood Tree:  
 And well I wot, had they been but alone,  
 That Tree had serv'd for uses more than one.  
 Enough of that. Now home return'd they all;  
*May ev'ry love-sick Maid have such a Fall.*

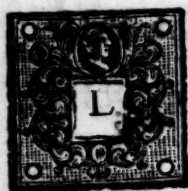


# TOILETTE.

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## BOOK II.

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LEAVE we a while the well instructed Fair,  
And to the gentle Beau transfer our  
care;

Tho' here, how small does the Digression seem?  
Alike the Precepts as alike the Theme.

Our Youth of old were wont the Fair to move,  
By manly Vigour, and athletic Love:  
With healthful Nerves they prest the glowing Dame,  
Not squeal'd in sing-song Lays a sickly Flame.

At Eyes alone our Beaus direct their Art,  
 Nor know the nobler Conquest of the Heart.  
 With her own Arms a Mistress they pursue,  
 Snuff, Powder, Patches, Paste, and Billets doux.  
 Man's hardy Mould is in his Habit lost,  
 And Beaus assume the Softness of their Toast.

The smart Toupêt my foremost Praise must claim,  
 (Invention fatal to the ogling Dame!)

This, tuck'd on high, the brawny Neck displays;  
 What Beauty pants not, who but dares to gaze?  
 See, lengthen'd down the pond'rous Queue descend,  
 What stale *Platonic* can her Heart defend?

Thus *Ægypt's* Gods did once of old prevail,  
 Tho' dignify'd alone by Length of Tail.

When *Britain's* Sons, in fam'd *Ramillia's* Field,  
 With Force resistless taught the Foe to yield,

Their

Their ample Curls in order to confine,  
 'Tis said the Queë at first was their Design:  
 A Birth how glorious, but a Fall how great!  
 Kings, Queëies and Empires must submit to Fate.  
 The Hero's Pride, and Terror of the Foe,  
 Now humbly deigns to deck the peaceful Beau.

If to the Law thy careful Thoughts incline,  
 This modern Garb will frustrate the Design:  
 The reverend Bench will be amaz'd to see  
 An infant Brother staring in Toupêt!  
 Preferment will be slow, and Clients few,  
 Nor ever shall the Coif succeed the Queëie.

Would Youth consider what depends on Dress,  
 Complaints of slighted Merit would be less:

In all Professions, since the world began,  
 The useful Habit typify'd the Man.  
 How bow the gaping Croud submissive down,  
 When the huge Doctor rustles in his Gown?  
 The Preacher's self is heeded but by few,  
 Men think their Patience to his Habit due.  
 By Breadth of Band the Lawyer gets his Fee,  
 For what Cravat can be so wise as he?  
 In Lace the Mountebank harangues the Croud,  
 His Jacket gaudy, as his Nonsense loud.  
 Dress aptly judg'd shall pass for sterling Skill,  
 Alike in Law, Divinity, and Pill.

I have beheld a Beau, of hapless mind,  
 To some old Peruke add a Tail behind;  
 Then, pleas'd, survey the inconsistent Grace,  
 And claim Alliance with the Pig-tail Race:

How

How would our Connoisseurs be pleas'd to see  
 Debilitated Bob commence Toupêt!

Of all Improvements this appears the worst,  
 For Queüies, like Poets, must be born at first.

If you the fashionable Trade profess,  
 Of thinking little, and of acting less,  
 A painful Life, from all Employment barr'd:  
 (For doing nothing is to labour hard)

Then let the Queüe its utmost Length display,  
 And shew the World you can at least be gay:  
 So shall each Coachman woo thee for his Fare;  
 So " Bless your Honour " sound from every Chair:  
 For thee the Croud obsequious shall divide;  
 Thy Wigg shall press where Merit is denied.  
 The Fair shall place thee in her foremost Train,  
 The Monkey's Rival, and the Parrot's Bane.

Yet

Yet think, O Youth, while Youth maintains its

Prime,

Is Dress a Tribute to be paid to Time?

So low, so trifling is the vain Employ,

You nor improve the Moments, nor enjoy.

Oh! think, when Age shall press thy hoary Head,

And Dance, and Dress, and Nonsense all be fled;

When thy dim Eyes Diseases shall disarm,

When Lace, when Beauty can no longer charm,

What gleaming Joys shall cheer thy close of Day,

Or where's the Comfort to have once been gay?

What of thy *Phyllis* shall in Age remain,

That once so pretty was, and once so vain?

When Youth shall cease to gild her Frailties o'er,

When Beauty privilege Deceit no more!

As thy Desires, so shall her Charms be lost;  
 No more a Coxcomb thou, or the a Toast.

Thus Folly flies with all her painted Train,  
 But sacred Wisdom shall unhurt remain.  
 O Goddess! ever fair, and ever young,  
 As *Venus* gentle; yet as *Atlas* strong:  
 O may thy Pow'r my latest steps attend,  
 When Lace shall tarnish, and when Curls unbend!  
 Would you be sure to please the judging Eye?  
 Still let your Habit with your Age comply.  
 Does not the Earth this Lesson well express?  
 Observe her Changes, and like Nature dress.  
 Mark when *December*, fullen, and severe,  
 With wintry Blasts deforms th' expiring Year;

From

From the keen Season shelter'd by the Snow,  
 Unseen, and safe, her tender Harvests grow.  
 But when the Spring elate with youthful Grace,  
 Thro' kinder Skies pursues his glorious Race:  
 Her conscious Vales the fruitful Blessing greet,  
 Her Buds expanded smile beneath the Heat:  
 Soft op'ning Flow'rs their balmy Sweets display,  
 Court the warm Sun, and wanton in his Ray.

The beardless Stripling, just arriv'd at age,  
 Frequents the Church, the Ring, the Mall, and Stage,  
 With like Contempt his wand'ring Eyes survey,  
 Religion, Beauty, Company, and Play:  
 Collected in his Cloaths he stands alone,  
 Nor seeks to be esteem'd, but to be known.  
 In Man confirm'd a different View appears,  
 The Thirst of Gain increases with our Years:

No more the wild Extravagant you see;  
 We dress for Use alone, and Decency:  
 Or Wealth or Fame 'tis now our task to win,  
 And all the Vanity retires within.  
 To glitt'ring Baubles we devote our Prime,  
 And what does rip'ning Age but change the Crime:  
 The Man transform'd at differing times survey,  
 Now meanly fordid, once profusely gay.

As where the Bridge the foaming *Thames* divides,  
 What varying Prospects crown the parted Sides?  
 What Gewgaws in his infant Waters flow,  
 What weightier Burdens crown his Deeps below?  
 Here to *Spring-Garden* in the guilty Boat  
 The wandring Rake, and wither'd Letcher float;  
 Where *Drury's* Dames, an ever-gentle Train,  
 Invite the fond, the thoughtless, and the vain:

There

There far beneath with Wealth, and Plenty gay,  
 The loaded Vessels ride in proud array;  
 Whence the vain Trader quits the faithful Shore,  
 Curst with his Much, yet eager still for More;  
 While Cares and Fears his anxious Hours divide,  
 A wretched Prey to Avarice and Pride:  
 So flows the stream of Life, a restless Wave;  
 So rolls a motley Torrent to the Grave.

See, falt'ring Age with countless Ills appears;  
 (The sure Attendants of increas'ing Years)  
 Where now the foreign Mien, and practis'd Air,  
 Which warm'd the Wishes of the rip'ning Fair?  
 Or where the nervous Limbs, and sturdy Frame,  
 Beheld with Rapture by the knowing Dame?  
 Sick Fancy triumphs o'er Performance dead;  
 And all of Life, but Misery, is fled.

Now

Now pond'rous Coats our shiv'ring Limbs enfold,  
To fence the Morning Dews, or Ev'ning Cold;  
The feeble Legs with Tortures are o'er-run;  
The Eyes unconscious of the flaming Sun.  
Thus ever doom'd is Man to drag the Chain,  
In Youth of Passion, and in Age of Pain.  
Hard Lot at last, nor to be wish'd at first!  
(A wretched Reptile in Existence curst!)

\* The Sons of *Galen*, anxious for the Fee,  
In Dress consult an artful Gravity.  
They nor affect the martial Queue to wear,  
Or choose the dapper Bob's assuming Air;  
The copious Knot adown their Shoulders flows,  
And free from Powder hang their well-brush'd  
Cloaths.

With

With Looks demure, they grasp the golden Bair,  
 And issue Mandates in arrest of Fate :  
 Feather and Lace with reason they despise,  
 Well knowing to be grave is to be wise.  
 Tho' *Phœbus* pride him in his Summer Show,  
 And blend in one the Doctor, and the Beau.  
 To mortal Wights no Pattern yet is he ;  
 The Gods take greater Liberties than we.

Poets (a Caution needful but to few)  
 Should shun a Dress extravagant, or new :  
 The heav'n-born Muse can charm with native Grace,  
 Tho' not bedawb'd with Simile, or Lace.  
 Let squealing Peacocks gawdy Plumes display,  
 The warbling Lark appears in sober Grey.  
*Parnassus* Hill is mounted but with time,  
 'Twould discompose the puny Beau to climb :

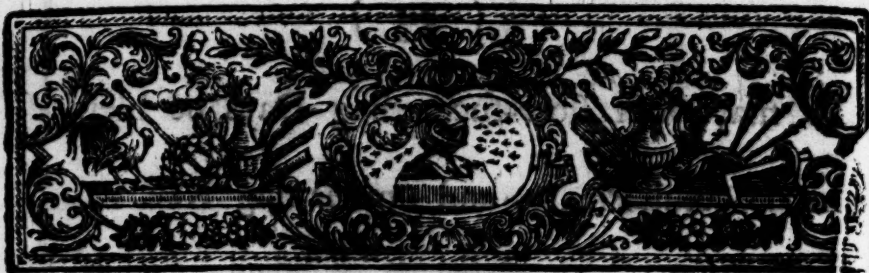
A rugged Rock, and must be gain'd by Care,  
 The splendid Equipage avails not there.  
 Few in its sides their Footsteps firm can fix,  
 'Tis quite impervious to a Coach and Six.  
*Homer* himself, dependent on the Throng,  
 In Rags immortal tun'd his venal Song.

Ye rural Sages, who the Laws retail,  
 O'er mouldy Statutes, and composing Ale;  
 Who obstinately just, and deaf to Pray'r,  
 To ruthless *Bridewell* damn the pregnant Fair:  
 Would you unrival'd thro' the Parish reign?  
 Be grave in Aspect, and in Habit plain:  
 In Posture solemn; in Attention deep;  
 As half to Thought inclin'd, and half to Sleep:  
 So may your Nod contesting Swains advise,  
 While wond'ring Tenants pant to be so wise.

So may your slow-succeeding Days be blest,  
In peaceful Plenty, and unmeaning Rest.

Return, my Muse, return we to the Fair,  
Thy great Inspirer, and thy best-lov'd Care;  
For Their's the Claim to each instructive Tongue,  
And Their's the great Monopoly of Song.





# TOILETTE.

## BOOK III.



MILE thou, my Charmer, on this last

Design ;

Smile thou : with Thee shall smile the  
tuneful Nine :

Thou, in whose bright Example we behold  
More noble Lessons than the Muse has told !  
How does that Form the ravish'd Fancy please,  
In Morning Robes with undefining Ease ;

Tho' yet unconscious of the Toilette's Skill,  
 All void of Art, and negligent to kill?  
 But when the radiant Image I survey,  
 Rich with the Spoils of more than half the Day,  
 Prostrate I bend, as to some awful Shrine,  
 And my aw'd Heart avows the Pow'r divine.  
 So charms the Sun with his beginning Light,  
 But his meridian Beams confound the Sight.  
 Too happy Tyrant, whose unbounded Sway,  
 In ev'ry Form, we equally obey!  
 'Tis thine at will, to rule the prostrate Land,  
 Persuade like *Solon*, or like *Jove* command.

In Dress, ye Fair, observe with nicest Art  
 To shew some Beauties, yet conceal a part.  
 Tho' frequent Sallies in a Siege are seen,  
 Yet still they keep a Garrison within.

When half reveal'd, your Charms invite to Love;  
 Our active Fancy will the rest improve:  
 Lovers, like Saints, despise what they possess,  
 But die for Joys at which they only grieve.

Mark the fair Rose-bud, at the prime of Day,  
 Its op'ning Beauties to the Sun display:  
 With what Reserve its conscious Folds divide,  
 While the coy Sweets diffuse on ev'ry side;  
 Such, and so modest should a Maid appear,  
 But when will Maids such wholesome Council hear?

More ample Conquests will our Ladies find;  
 When they the Neck with sparkling Brilliants bind:  
 "That snowy Skin," the whining Lover cries,  
 But 'tis the Necklace in his Heart he eyes:

Yet 'tis not prudent, thus adorn'd, to go  
 To Park, or Play, or any publick Show,  
 Left hapless Gamester should the Treasure see,  
 And all his Losses be o'erpaid by thee.

*Corinna* once, with all her Diamonds gay,  
 To cure the Spleen, would needs go see the Play,  
 With Belles unnumber'd did the Box abound,  
 And Beaux, like *Autumn* Flies, were buzzing round.  
 With conscious Majesty *Corinna* shone,  
 She saw no Danger, or she dreaded none:  
 Ah! heedless Beauty, think, e're 'tis too late,  
 Ev'n thou art subject to the Frowns of Fate.  
 Fortune at best is but a courtly Foe,  
 And when she smiles, she meditates the Blow.

Now

Now fell the Curtain, like the hand of Fate,  
 O'er mimick Thrones, and visionary State;  
 To servile Life arose the mighty Dead,  
 And Kings depos'd went supperless to bed:  
 Corinna cautious thro' the Croud withdrew,  
 (Nor Chair nor Flambeau yet within her view)  
 A hungry Sharper had her Necklace spy'd,  
 For Bread he wanted what she wore for Pride:  
 Strait Hero-like to Mercury he pray'd,  
 And thus invok'd the Patron of his Trade:  
 " Great King of Juglers! whose propitious sway  
 " The Statesman, Pilferer, and Pimp obey;  
 " If by thy aid successful still, and free,  
 " I brave the threefold Horrors of the Tree;  
 " Give me to snatch yon glorious Spoils away,  
 " And hear the Spoils I promise to repay.

" This glitt'ring Rapier, from a Beau purloin'd;  
 " A Beauty's Pray'r-Book of the fairest kind,  
 " Unfullied both, and worn but for Disguise;  
 " A Widow's Handkerchief shall crown the Prize.  
 He said. And round the Waste the struggling Fair  
 He seiz'd, nor stop'd the bold Intruder there;  
 Just on that Part, too mystick here to name,  
 Where dwells the Maid's imaginary Fame,  
 He fix'd his ruffian Hand, while from behind  
 His Comrade, like himself, in Vice refin'd,  
 Far off, and fated to return no more,  
 The beamy Splendors of her Necklace bore.

Of signal use the flutt'ring Fan will prove,  
 If train'd with care, and disciplin'd to move,  
 By this the Beau his Mistress Temper spies,  
 (Experienc'd Lovers trust not to her Eyes)

By this alone your true Adepts will find,  
 Her thousand momentary turns of Mind:  
 Thrice blest Machine! that shews with matchless Art  
 The dark *Arcana* of a Female Heart!

If the rude Sticks their sounding Ranks engage,  
 Retreat betimes, nor tempt her rising Rage:  
 Or when the *Mount* with rapid Motion bends,  
 And now contracts by Fits, and now extends:  
 When here and there the varying Figures fly,  
 And glance like Light'ning on the dazzl'd Eye;  
 Gods, Rivers, Nymphs, an inconsistent Train,  
 Promiscuous jostle on the painted Plain:  
 Then may you see Resentment in her Eyes,  
 And on her Lip the pouting Purple rise;  
 Now vain Resistance will but more offend,  
 Retreat, says *Homer*, nor with Gods contend.

As the same Sun, by his departing Ray,  
 Foretels the rattling Storm or genial Day,  
 So plays the Fan, an Emblem of the Dame,  
 If Anger discompose, or Love inflame:  
 On every Motion your Attention fix,  
 And mark with care the sympathetic Sticks.

When warmest Passions wanton in the Mind,  
 And pungent Nature urges to be kind;  
 Then slowly opening will the Folds divide,  
 And part reveal their Charms, and partly hide:  
 From side to side the dubious Sticks will play,  
 With artless Motion, indolently gay;  
 Gently they flutter, and at first defy,  
 Then languid fall, and in a Murmur die.

To dress the shapely Leg with nicest Art,  
 In female Life is no unmeaning part:  
 With thousand Charms let other Nymphs be blest,  
 The Diamond-sparkling Eyes, and snowy Breast;  
 This be thy Lot, and thou shalt far excel  
 Those boasted Beauties of the courtly Belle;  
 She may perhaps our Praise or Wonder move,  
 But thou shalt animate and warm to Love.  
 Fine Eyes, like distant Stars, amuse the Sight  
 With the cold glimm'rings of enervate Light.  
 This, like the Sun, shall generous Life impart,  
 At once engage the Eye, and reach the Heart;  
 When his hot Beams the Summer's Pride renew,  
 And turgid Nature kindles at the view.

If white the Stocking, for a farther Grace,  
 Let the red *Clock* the tender Leg embrace;  
 Round the fair Pillar let it gently twine,  
 Like the young Tendrils of the wanton Vine.  
 Thus often is the graceful Ankle seen,  
 From the proud Structure of some gilt Machine:  
 Thus sometimes shewn by the designing Fair;  
 Too much (ye Gods!) for mortal Eyes to bear:  
 We gaze, and wonder at the Frame divine;  
 If such the Columns, what must be the Shrine!

A nobler Task now claims the Muse's Aid,  
 (Instructive Lesson to the rip'ning Maid.)  
 How Hearts, like Squirrels, may be train'd by care,  
 To hug with Pride the gew-gaw Chains they bear.

In hours of Spleen divert the thoughtful Dame,  
And still be ever reiz'd, and ever tame.

First then, Materials for your purpose chuse,  
For there are Hearts too abject ev'n t' abuse;  
Wit is to Beauty the most glorious Prey,  
Few Fools the Labour of the Conquest pay,  
What Hunter would the feeble Hind pursue,  
When the fierce Lion stalks within his view?  
He struggles in the Toil, a warlike Prize,  
Provokes his Chains, and ev'n in Death defies,

Fools, like the Eel, at every trifle bite;  
Nay seize their Plunder, tho' the Hook's in Sight;  
Like the sage Carp the Wise survey the Bait,  
And heedful hover round suspected Fate;

Hard to entice, and stubborn to subdue,  
A Prize to gain, a Pleasure to pursue!

No easy Task our studious Fair will find,  
To mould at will the head-strong Lover's Mind;  
When stern Reflection rises to his Aid,  
When rebel Reason shall from Love dissuade;  
To charm that Dragon be your foremost care,  
The grand Opposer of your Sex is there :  
Nature is weak, unequal to the Part,  
Each Look, each Motion must depend on Art :  
Sighs, Smiles, and Tears (a never-failing Band)  
Must well be disciplin'd, and still at hand.  
Each ready Feature must the Signal know,  
When these at will shall rise, or those shall flow.  
Did constant Sun-shine gild the rolling Year,  
'Twould blast the Harvest it was made to cheer :

So, but forgive the Parallel, ye Fair,  
 So, if the Sun we may with you compare,  
 Desire will fade, where Smiles incessant play;  
 And Love, the tender Blossom! fade away.

To weep with Judgment is no useless part,  
 Tears have their Force, and reach the inmost Heart;  
 Nay Tears well-tim'd can ev'n Indifference move,  
 That worst Rebellion in the State of Love.  
 Tho' the false Beau has long estrang'd his Mind;  
 Tho' Oaths, tho' Gratitude no more can bind:  
 Tears shall again his gentle Heart recall,  
 Again the Recreant at thy feet shall fall;  
 Again shall laugh, sigh, ogle, squeeze the Hand,  
 And slip out Love too soft to understand.

And

And now, ye Fair, my finish'd Task forgive;  
 Propitious smile, and let these Labours live:  
 As sage Astronomers, for Praise or Pay,  
 Thro' human Eyes the heav'nly Orbs survey;  
 And wisely frantic in deluded Schools,  
 To wanton Planets fix fictitious Rules;  
 While They at random run their fiery Race,  
 Beyond the reach of mortal Wit to trace:  
 So I, with equal Impotence of Mind,  
 Have studied Laws to fether Womankind.  
 Again, ye Fair, forgive; but chiefly *thou*,  
 To whom alike in Prose or Rhime I bow:  
 More would I prize, for these unpolish'd Lays,  
 Thy single Pardon, than a Kingdom's Praise.

F I N I S.

And now, ye Fair, my friend's Tale forgive;  
 Propitious smile, and let these Labours live;  
 As sage Astronomers, for Fairs or Fays,  
 Thro' human Eyes the heavenly Orbs survey;  
 And wisely frame in deluded Schools,  
 To wanton Planets fit fabulous Rules;  
 While They at random run their fiery Race,  
 Beyond the reach of mortal Wit to trace;  
 So I, with equal impotence of Mind,  
 Have studied Laws to fetter Woman-kind.  
 Again, ye Fair, forgive; but chiefly thou,  
 To whom alike in Prose or Rhime I bow:  
 More would I prize, for these unpolish'd lays,  
 Thy single Pardon, than a Kingdom's Praise.